Bibliography—1925

Negro Customs Messenger, 19, Becomes Author; Writes Greenwich Village Novel

By MARJORIE DORMAN.

"On the level, Jack, I was merely jesting with you," returned Pauline astutely. "Can't you digest a joke sans being offended?"

"Most assuredly I can, Pauline, if it's meant with chaste intentions," ruminated Jack reflectively. "But you flappers are so confoundedly fresh and matured beyond your age that decent and conventional folk are ostracising your kind from participation in their social functions."

"Oh, boy!" said Pauline.

The above is merely one of the conversational tilts between Jack Leyton, 15-year-old hero of "The Prince of Washington Square," and the flappers and Shebas whom he meets between Greenwich Village and Harlem.

The book, published yesterday by Stokes, is hilariously diverting—but the remarkable thing about it is the fact that it was written by a bright-faced negro lad of 19 years, Harry F. Liscomb, a messenger at the New York Custom House.

Interview Stirs Custom House.

This morning, grinning happily, he told The Eagle reporter all about it. During the interview the 78 clerks in the Liquidation Bureau had the time of their lives—for it isn't every day that feature writers from the various metropolitan newspapers interview messengers, and it was certainly a big day in the bureau, where Harry is a great favorite. Old men, who have grown gray at the adding machines, or bald under the desk lights, or whose hair had thinned from the endless routine of the Custom House, smiled over their eyeglasses and took occasion to visit the nearby water cooler. One was even moved to draw a cartoon of the interview with a sweeping circle emerging from the interviewer's mouth, saying, "Yes, Prince; and then what?"

Liscomb's style is a remarkable mixture of Dumas, Hugo, Chambers, the yellow journals and the Bronx Home News. He had comparatively little schooling, but is an omnivorous reader. He went to DeWitt Clinton for a year after being graduated from P. S. 43. But he has a sense of humor peculiarly his own. At the office of Stokes they believe him to be a second "Merton of the Movies"—they think he doesn't know how funny he is. But Harry declares he knows he's funny and intends to remain so for two more books, after which he is going in for serious stuff.

"I wrote my book in long-hand at night and on Sundays," he laughed. "I began it last July. It was finished in November. One publisher turned me down and then Stokes took it. It isn't a very long book—only about 180 pages. There are 40 chapters but some of them are only one page—I wasn't going to do a long book for the first one."

The "Prince" is a gallant newsboy, so polite and "high hat" that other newsies and bootblacks around the square give him the title. He is 15 years old—and at the end of the book is to be sent to "the Academy," the up-State school of his dreams. He tells flappers and Shebas just where to get off—and herein lies the richness of the humor. For Jack is so natural that you'd think a boy was talking to his sister when he denounces the fair sex.

"Jack just hates flappers—he can't stand them," says his creator. "I guess maybe girls won't read my book."

"You don't know much about women if you say that," ventured the reporter.

Got Idea From Bronx Home News.

It was the Bronx Home News which gave Harry the idea of being an author.

"I read a prize story written by a boy of 12 and I thought I could do as good as he did. I did—and got a prize."

This was at 15. Later his stories in the same publication earned him a letter of recommendation from Robert W. Chambers, telling him to keep at it.

Liscomb's family life in Harlem has been a happy one—he is no outcast of the tenements whose life has been a battle against poverty. His mother was the belle of the negro set of Cumberland County, Va.; his father, Robert Liscomb, is a driver for the New York Street Cleaning Department. He was born in Harlem on Aug. 16, 1905. Naturally, his family is very proud of him.

Wants to Go to Hollywood.

"I want to go to Hollywood," says Harry. "If only the motion pictures would buy one of my books I could afford to go there and try to write scenarios. I'd like to have my own company. Messengers get $1,100 a year here and I've taken the examination for a clerkship. But, gee!—wouldn't it be wonderful to live in Hollywood?"

The documents on Harry's desk have piled higher during the interview—a man must work if he would eat. Harry's cordial grin, his obliging nature, his merry turn of mind probably gain him much leniency—but Uncle Sam's work has to go on.

"In the last of the three books I'm writing about Jacy Leyton he gets a seat on the Stock Exchange," say Liscomb.

"Where did you get your material?" was the reporter's last question.

"I just got it snooping around," was the answer. "You can learn a lot that way—and then you read a lot, too, and that's all there is to writing a book," was the messenger boy's final word. And every one of the 78 clerks had a broad grin on his face as The Eagle reporter left the Liquidation Bureau.

NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL
MARCH 4, 1925

Negro Youth Puts Lore of N. Y. Gin and Jazz Palaces in Pyrotechnic Novel

Former Newsboy, Who Watched Studio Parties in Greenwich Village, Parades Jaw-Breaking Kisses, Flappers and Cake Eaters in Syncopated Book

By Margery Rex.

Columbus made a long voyage to prove to himself that the world was round. But the distance from Spain to what has since become the States does not seem more difficult to span than the miles between the Harlem home of a colored family to the fastnesses of North Washington Square doorways. And to the alleged fast life to the south and west of this one-time Potters Field that has since become a fine field for "petters."

Harry F. Liscomb, as a newsboy, used to crave a glimpse of a certain red-brick dwelling. There he heard there was a "salon," where the rich and talented foregathered. He was lost in admiration of the bronze roosters that guard the entrance to another home along the coldly aristocratic north side of the square. The students of New York University, "flappers" and "cake-eaters" excited his curiosity, and last and best, the writers who struggle in modern studio apartments for fame, inspired him to emulation.

Though Harry Liscomb, a colored boy of nineteen, gave up being a newsboy some time ago and is now a messenger at the Customs House, he remembers his impressions of Washington Square, and frequently refreshes them by visits to tearooms and cabarets of the Square and its flightier vicinity, the Village.

CRITIC ACCLAIMS BOOK.

These impressions jazzy, naive, melodramatic, unconsciously satiric at times, he has put into "The Prince of Washington Square" just published by Frederick A. Stokes. The novel is acclaimed by so discriminating a writer as Louis Bromfield as "the most entertaining book of its kind since 'The Young Visitors' with a greater stamp of authenticity." As a compendium of contemporary slang it is priceless."

Harry, no longer newsboy, but now a novelist, talked yesterday in a corridor of the Custom House about his cartwheel spring into fame, his taste in literature, his hopes—which center in Hollywood. He is a good looking youth with restless feet that look as if they could step wickedly on demand from a saxophone and who accentuates what he says by continual winks of the left eye.

SOME CHOICE JAZZ BITS.

"I wrote it in three months. It was a little inconvenient having so many brothers and sisters about sometimes, but I managed.

Here are a few characteristic bits from Harry Liscomb's uncommonly jolly book, which could be a synthetic draught distilled from Daisy Ashford and Ronald Firbank:

"Beatrice was the representa- of girlhood that discreet boys adored and (spelling untouched by publishers) WORSHIPED from afar" . . . "unlike the majority of the cake-eaters, Percy was the divergent (?) and spendthrift son of a retired millionaire banker who, when ashore, maintained an elegant subway apartment on Park avenue for his son's own use. Being a seafaring man Mr. Percy Lamont, senior, enjoyed life aboard his palatial yacht by cruising in foreign waters with beautiful women and entertainers of all nationalities and also a jazz orchestra to provide him with enlivenment and happiness that power and prosperity commands from them. . . . "She belonged in that graceless grade of girls and women who would take a fling at anything." . . .

"Like most wealthy young ladies and matrons, Vera was an egotistic prig. She desired priggishly to have the majority of the dances and shimmies with Jack."

Passionate kisses that break the jaw are described by the youthful author, Roll-Royces, cosmetics and 'contumelious advances" from villainous characters, all these are the stuff of which Harry Liscombs boyish dreams are made—and possibly his fortune.

His taste in reading matter is catholic. Dumas, Kathleen Norris, Harold Bell Wright, Pushkin, Poe, Mark Twain, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Chambers Curwood, Beach and thec olored writer Charles W. Chestnut—these are his founts of inspiration as Washington Square with its varied population, both fixed and stationary, supplies him with living models for his characters.

"I love Harlem, the colored cabarets, the jazz music—the peppy dancers. Oh my!" Harry's left eye winked again.

At No. 435 West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, in the Liscomb home, are five or six duplicates of Harry's grin. Besides his very young-appearing mother, Mrs. Ada Liscomb, there are Robert, sixteen, who will be an automobile mechanic; Jessey, fifteen, who wants to be a doctor; Mary and Martha, twins of thirteen, and Ada ten.

"Yes, we are awfully proud of Harry," his mother said. "Just sitting down here at the table evenings and writing a novel. He's doing another as a sequel to 'The Prince,' and will do a third to complete the story. It does him more good to write than itd oes other children to play ball."

HARRY F. LISCOMB.

Dark Laughter

Dark Laughter, by Sherwood Anderson. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S novel marks a definite point of achievement in an artistic career which has moved steadily in a single direction. He has always looked at life in the same way and been acutely conscious of the same things—the material stuff of the world. For tools and the work of men's hands he has always had an intimate feeling. Above all, the experience of men and women, what they see, hear, taste, smell, their toil, their play, their love, their contact with one another and their pathetic efforts to communicate by words, their still more pathetic efforts to understand themselves—all this Mr. Anderson has striven to render with the simplicity, the naïveté of a child or a primitive artist. His work has extraordinary unity; the differences are those of degree. His short stories have frequently communicated the feeling of life almost perfectly; his novels have done this for longer stretches, but none before this has carried through to the end the full realization of its intention. Last year appeared Mr. Anderson's autobiography, similar to his fiction in substance of life and outlook upon it, revealing with engaging frankness his quarry and his process. Such a hold on material and method, such a clear perception of his problem, gave good ground for expectation of greater things from Sherwood Anderson. This expectation has been fulfilled in Dark Laughter.

Dark Laughter is the story of a man and a woman. The man is John Stockton, a reporter with a flair for facts, but no interest in dressing them up for the public—that he left to the rewrite man. The extremely casual nature of Stockton's contacts with his world is made clear—with his father who had married again after John's mother had died, with his wife Bernice who wrote stories for the magazines and had acquired a following, or at least followers. Naturally she came to look down on her husband. He did not resent this, but it bored him. So one day he merely walked out of the apartment in which his personal interest was limited to an unpressed suit or two and a few stringy neckties, and did not come back. The most real element in his experience was in the past, when his mother was alive, and he had taken a trip with her and his father on the Ohio river. As a free man he first turned to the river and boats, and made the voyage to New Orleans. Then he made for Oldtown where he had been raised, and, as Bruce Dudley, found a job in Grey's carriage factory. There he worked beside Sponge Martin who had learned how to live. He had also learned how to work, and he taught Bruce how to paint carriage wheels.

Aline Aldridge was the daughter of a man in Chicago, who could afford to pay $5,000 for his portrait. Aline went to Paris with the artist and his wife, attended art classes, also the Quat'z Arts ball, saw a man at a studio party whom she fancied she wanted but lacked address to get to him, and married Fred Grey, who was recovering from a wound received in the War.

Love in Sherwood Anderson's account of experience is what it is in Browning's—it is the force which propels human beings on their way. It clears the vision and impels to action.

> She should never have looked at me
> If she meant I should not love her.

Only with Anderson love is a naked fact without glamor

Another term of frequent and honorable occurrence in this philosophy is art—art not as decoration, but as the guiding principle of life itself. Mr. Anderson has always felt the importance of art in the mastering of the crude material fact of the world. He has seen it likewise as a discipline and training by which his characters have come into control of themselves. He is instinctively repelled by the notion of art as something external, decorative, fallacious. It is precisely this conception on the part of Bernice which disgusts Bruce with the meretricious quality of the life in which she would entangle him—"that story Bernice was writing about the man who saw the wax figure in a shop window and thought it was a woman." Bruce on the contrary "had a vague notion that he, in common with almost all American men, had got out of touch with things—stones lying in the fields, the fields themselves, houses, trees, rivers, factory walls, tools, women's bodies, sidewalks, people on sidewalks, men in overalls, men and women in automobiles." What attracts him to Sponge Martin is the latter's closeness to this reality and particularly his power of manipulating it to a perfect result. "Sponge could fill his brush very full, and yet handle it in such a way that the varnish did not drip down, and he left no ugly thick places on the wheels he did. The stroke of the brush was like a caress." The application of the principle of art to life is a cardinal one with the pragmatists, illustrated in great fulness by Havelock Ellis's Dance of Life. "All art," says Dewey, "is a process of making the world a different place in which to live." And Bruce has the same idea.

> Perhaps if you got the thoughts and fancies organized a little, made them work through your body, made thoughts and fancies a part of yourself—they might be used then—perhaps as Sponge Martin used the brush. You might lay them on something as Sponge Martin could lay varnish on. Suppose about one man in a million got things organized a little. What would that mean? What would such a man be? Would he be a Napoleon, a Caesar?

Finally it might be argued that in its entire attitude Mr. Anderson's book illustrates the pragmatic conception of morality, which, to quote Dr. Dewey again, "is in no way distinct in its origin, working and destiny from the natural structure and career of human nature"; and especially in its outcome, in which it satisfies his test for conduct: "Activity is creative in so far as it moves to its own enrichment as activity, that is, bringing along with itself a release of further activities." This at all events is the meaning which Mr. Anderson sees in the departure of Bruce and Aline.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Bibliography - 1925.

NEW YORK CITY SUN
JUNE 20, 1925

Tales of Negro Filmland.

BIGGER AND BLACKER. By Octavus Roy Cohen. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

By LEIGH LOVEL.

These eight episodes in the strange, eventful history of the Midnight Picture Corporation provide hilarious reading. Though a negro moving picture company may not make colored pictures in both senses of the word, Mr. Roy Octavus Cohen has invested each story with so much of his fertile and inventive humor that the reader gets almost as much enjoyment as if he were present in person.

Perhaps the best story in Mr. Cohen's latest book concerns the rather overwhelming wife of the director. Not content with adversely criticizing the general working arrangements, she insists upon being made a star. How Florian Slappey conceived the brilliant idea of devising a scenario so full of hair-raising perils that the lady would be forced to abandon her ambitious intention and how she rose above all difficulties and how the picture proved an immense success is most amusingly told in "Miss Directed."

There is also a happy variation of the Androcles fable in "The Lion and the Uniform." A conceited and troublesome actor, Eustace Gribble by name, has an ironbound contract whereby he cannot be dismissed unless he refuses to play any part for which he may be cast. He demurs, but eventually consents, when notified that he will have to fight a lion in the next production. The ubiquitous Slappey arranges for a thorn to be inserted in the lion's paw. This "thorn" Eustace is to remove before the scene of the fight is taken in order that the lion may be duly grateful and refuse to harm the would-be hero. The result is not exactly what was expected, and Eustace voluntarily terminates his contract with the Midnight Picture Corporation. But it would be unfair to divulge what had really happened to the lion.

DOWN SOUTH.

"From Down South," the title of a book of poems by William McDonald Goodman, suggests negro dialect before one opens the cover. The suggestion becomes real as soon as one passes the title page, and continues to the last page, which is reached in just the length of time it takes the reader to complete this excellent collection of poems; for if he enjoys negro philosophy, humor, superstitions and the portrayal of odd characters, he is certain to be so pleased that nothing short of finishing the book at one sitting will satisfy.

Mr. Goodman is a native of Marietta, Ga., and a score of years ago was an employee of The Constitution. In the days when he was a farmer boy he came to know the negro very well and the dialect perfectly. His ability to twist the spelling of English words so that the arrangement of the letters spell words that sound like those used by country negroes is most clever and proves quite a delight to those who know "negro dialect" when they hear it.

The poems deal with Christmas, religion, ghosts, spirits, "ha'nts," and even "work" gets mention. The spirit of darkness gets special mention in one poem, a part of which follows:

Ole Satan want a-fishin' when de Lawd He fust made man.
En all de fish dat come his way he nuver fail to lan';
He had all kinder diff'unt baits to suit dey appetite.
En all de patience dat he need to wait ontwel dey bite;
He cotch Eve wid er apple en Ole Adam wid de core.

NEW BOOKS

"ESSENTIALISM AND THE NEGRO PROBLEM." By E. D. Kennard. Published by The Saint Luke Press, Richmond, Va.

Of solutions to the Negro problem there is never a paucity. Geniuses are ever arising in our midst with plans to clear away all obstacles and smooth the path to Utopia. Some favor emigration, others lean toward segregation, and many shout for wholesale miscegenation. Relatively speaking there are as many adherents for each of these plans in the Caucasian-American group as there are in the Aframerican group. Especially in the latter case of miscegenation; as readily seen by a glance at the census returns of 1920. Then there is a group somewhere in between these three that emphasizes the necessity of a group economy; an idea best outlined by Dr. DuBois.

Mr. Kennard, without mentioning Dr. DuBois, uses most of his book and lays most of his emphasis on the necessity for a group economy for the Negro in America. He also favors a strong Negro nation in Africa, but he is against any emigration to the Dark Continent by Negroes here until they are prepared to be of assistance to the Negroes there instead of a burden. He looks with approving eyes upon the idea of separate Negro towns in this country. His criticism of the infantile paralysis of Garveyism is very sound and he lambasts the squandering of money on the holey ships of the Black Star Line in a very thorough manner. The "Essentialism" is nothing more than the intelligent self interest stressed by other Negro writers of a radical trend for the last decade.

His devastating criticism of the appalling waste of money and energy by the Negro churches and lodges in needlessly expensive structures and useless conventions is very gratifying to the intelligent reader. Here is a book calculated to make the Aframerican do some hard thinking. It is noteworthy that it was printed by the press of one of our most successful Negro organizations, the Independent Order of Saint Luke. It is to be hoped that other Negro organizations will follow suit in publishing books by Negro authors or white sympathizers and friends that the white publishers will not handle because of race prejudice. Unfortunately the work is not well written and typographical errors abound. But the good solid thinking is in evidence on every page, and the book, for that reason, is recommended to our readers.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER.

Bibliography - 1925.

This World We Live In

o o o

Negro Messenger, Former Newsboy, Full-Fledged Novelist at Age of Nineteen

"The Prince of Washington Square," published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, appeared on the book stands yesterday. The author is Harry F. Liscomb, No. 435 West 126th Street, from an afternoon paper.

They tell a tale in Washington Square of a Negro newsboy with eyes as black as the waters of the Styx, having crinkly brown hair with streaks of auburn, whose gay voice sirened through the air during the years of the war.

"H'yar. Getya papers now? Yessir! Thank you, sir."

Messenger Boy Turns Novelist.

And they tell also how the lad, having reached his sixteenth year, disappeared from the arches in the year of the Conference on Armaments and how he roved from errand boy job to errand boy job, and how he settled down at last as messenger boy in a wide building profusely decorated with statues, at the Battery, and how his first novel, bound in orange, did appear yesterday on the book stalls.

And they narrate now how this nineteen-year-old lad, thin, in a suit built for a Cardiff giant, the sleeves coming far over his hands with their square fingers, did autograph sundry copies of his novel yesterday, laughing meanwhile with happiness, his lips breaking widely over his white teenth. Not giggling, not richly chuckling—just smiling.

It happened that, twenty years ago, the belle of the Negro set of Cumberland County, Va., famed for her flashing wit, feet and eyes, became the bride of Robert Liscomb and eventually the mother of an infant, yclept Harry F. Liscomb, in a tiny room on a street in Harlem known as Lawrence Street.

There came a day when the lad at Public School 43 was initiated with difficulty into the mysteries of the printed word, which, leading one to another, soon engrossed him, and he drank freely from Dumas, Hugo, Poe, Chambers, Beach, Wright and Curwood.

Now, it chanced on a day that a page from the Home News fell into his hands whereon was written for all to see announcement of a short story contest, urging all to take part. Which he did. Thereupon Robert W. Chambers sent him a congratulatory epistle and the Fox Film Corporation sought him as a senario writer. He refused all offers until a day when the serpent of ambition reared its head.

On that day did Harry start his novel of a dim, white newsboy whose adventures stretched from the Square to Harlem, involving "cake eaters and flappers and sheiks and shebas," and of his rise, like a creation of Horatio Alger jr., to the heights of membership of the Stock Exchange.

Now Yearning For Hollywood.

Now, during all these days the serpent pressed him on to outlining forty-three more novels, wherein are told adventures of those daring matrimony, the terrors of Western plains and numerous tales of sudden death, and finally to begin work upon a comedy of life among the aristocracy of bootleggers.

This lad, they tell, whose mother, brilliant, young and now taking care of her other two sons and three daughters, and whose father is a chauffeur for the city, confesses a deep yearning in the region of his heart for the blare and blast of Hollywood.

And it is the tale they tell in Harlem of a Negro newsboy whose gay voice sirened through the air yesterday:

"H'yar, mother. Getya copy of the Prince of Washington Square' now!"

R. G. S. of North Wales, Pa., asks where he can purchase a copy of Ridgely Torrence's play, "The Rider of Dreams."

"THE RIDER OF DREAMS" is included in "Plays for a Negro Theatre," by Ridgely Torrence and in "Short Plays by Representative Authors," edited by Alice M. Smith, both published by Macmillan. These books may be ordered through your local book dealer or from the publisher direct. The Macmillan Company, 66 Fifth avenue, New York.

Colored Boy, 19, Writes Book of Real Humor

NEW YORK, April 15.—A 19 year old Negro messenger boy's novel, The Prince of Washington Square, is causing a good deal of laughter by its genuine humor. Harry F. Liscomb, its young author, was formerly a newsboy and messenger, and writes of a newspaper boy in his book.

AND WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?—An outline for the study of race relations in America. New York, Associated Press, 1924. Paper 75 cents, cloth $1.00. (For the National Conference on the Christian Way of Life, otherwise known as the "Inquiry.")

The study of the social, racial and class problems today in the light of the ethical standards of Christianity has been assuming an increasing place in the attention of the public. Discussion groups have sprung up in churches, schools, Y. M. C. A.'s, Y. W. C. A.'s and elsewhere. One of the big difficulties has been to find suitable textbooks and study material for such discussion groups and for those who are seeking light on these problems. This new volume is unique as an outline for this purpose. It is a collection of case studies of actual "happenings" that have been reported by observers or participants in such events from all parts of the United States.

These case reports have been edited and classified under such headings as Understandings and Misunderstandings; Traditional Attitudes (such as reaction to foreign languages, reaction to cultural status); Civic Handicaps in Courts; Economic Handicaps; Educational Handicaps (such as relations between fellow students, etc.); Social Handicaps; and a general chapter of non-adjustments and mal-adjustments. At the end of each section there are a number of searching and pertinent questions which are illustrative of the Inquiry method in group discussion. Formal definitions and instructions for guidance of discussion groups are added in appendices.

The book does not attempt to give formulated statements of the teachings of Jesus. The method is designed to stimulate the reader or student to bring these forward himself for application to the concrete problems presented. The book represents the results, thus far, of the work of the Inquiry's Commission on Christianity and Race Relations. It is the best selection of useful first-hand material for the purpose that has so far appeared.

G. F. H.

This Harlem Boy Wrote a Book; It Went Over

HARRY LISCOMB

Up the steps of a rooming house in Harlem, "Negro capital of America," hopped an ebony-eyed, sensitive-faced little darky.

It was Sunday morning. He was clutching a handful of pennies, his earnings from the sale of newspapers. From a Negro church, just around the corner, came the voices of the spiritual singers: "There's a happy, happy day."

The words seemed hard to believe. Hard times had "come a knocking at the door."

But now, at the age of 19, Harry Liscomb understands what they meant. His name appears in advertisements, in the book review columns, in the public libraries. He finds himself being written about by Ring Lardner and other humorists. Across the map of the United States people are chuckling over what he has written; they are laughing with or at him—according to their tastes and humors.

For, out of all he has gleaned from his newsboy and bootblack days, from the newspaper headlines and dime novels, from the movie titles and magazines, Harry Liscomb has written a book, "The Prince of Washington Square," and the royalties are pouring in. Already he is at work on another tale.

"I had a grammar school education, but I didn't know a lot of the words you need for writing," he explains. "I just picked words up when I came across them. When I saw a word I thought was pretty good I memorized it."

The result is reflected in his book which takes on all the "highfaluting" ways of a boy writer, with words and usages that are highly amusing.

Harry's mother was one time belle of the Negro set in Cumberland County, Va., and a young woman of considerable brilliance. Harry, when he isn't writing novels, is messenger boy at the Customs House.

Bibliography—1925

NOW THAT THE FAR EAST IS NEAR

"We Cannot Ignore the Yellow Men and They Cannot Ignore Us"

WESTERN CIVILIZATION AND THE FAR EAST. By Stephen King-Hall. With maps. Pp. 343. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

By JAMES LUBY

THIS book grows out of the fear that "in the future governance of the world, and the immediate future, the 600,000,000 yellow-skinned men who dwell in the Far East will have very much more influence than they have had in the past." In the past the world was so big that two types of civilization would exist independently of each other. Now the progress of means of transportation and communication have brought them close together. Considered in terms of navigation, from clipper ships to airplanes, the Eastern Hemisphere today makes a spot on the map about the size of France and Germany. "We cannot ignore the yellow men and they cannot ignore us. On the contrary, we shall become more and more dependent on each other." In fact, one or the other civilization may come to dominate the whole.

Hitherto the Asiatic civilization has not been aggressive enough to seize this position. Only one nation, Japan, has attained its due status in the world, and it has done so by Westernizing itself. Some of its leaders at a critical time were wise enough to see the need for doing so. In the middle of the last century this was the only alternative to proximate subjugation—presumably like India. China was blind to the need and the opportunity. Fortunately so for the white man, for "if China were to adopt this policy [of Westernization] the consequences would probably be tragic to both East and West." Should she do so now, the results may not be so bad, because there are signs that "the most advanced white men are beginning to realize that if they do not curb the pugnacious philosophy which has been a Western ideal the white races may destroy themselves."

From beginning to end this idea runs through the book. The ruinous effects of war, the suicidal nature of it as between the peoples of the West are dwelt upon as weakening possible resistance to an aroused East. Persistence in belligerent ideals is calculated to stimulate similar impulses in Japan and a reorganized China. Then, what is to ensue?

The line of support of his contentions followed by Mr. Stephen King-Hall, a young Englishman, a gold medalist of the United Service Institute, who has been a good while in China on office business and has, it is said, exceptional sources of information both as to that great country and its island neighbors, is rather historical than statistical. Taking for granted a general knowledge of the vastness of the areas and population of the Far East, he cites only casually in one or two places facts and figures to illustrate the progress in Westernization that has been made. He devotes his pages rather to presenting the changes in spirit and temper in world conception and national consciousness which have taken place since the European countries and the United States forced international intercourse upon China and Japan. He dwells upon the spirit of seclusion which kept both, to a large extent, out of contact and

A Chinese Country Boy.

conflict alike with the West, until a grudging submissiveness to Christendom was forced upon China and an unwelcome friendship upon Japan by the persuasion of great guns and steam fighting ships.

The differences in the way the two empires took the lesson makes up the tale of the last half century or more. It has been often told in whole or in part, but Mr. King-Hall brings out some less-noticed aspects of it. In the case of Japan, the curious thing is the incompleteness of the Westernizing process, despite notions to the contrary. It is, first of all, mechanical, material in character; it is in many respects superficial. It was effected with marvelous speed to avert the peril of Eastern aggressiveness; but for that very reason it has not entered into the character of the people like, say, British civilization. In the matter of top hats, frock coats, automobiles, factories, military organization and political forms, it has reached a wonderful pitch of development. But the sewage of Tokio is largely taken care of by hand labor and pushcarts, the mass of the people are untouched by Western thought or modern ideals, and politics (excluding the life as officially prescribed by revising devotion to old superstitions and customs of the period before the "restoration." It is really a religion, with nature gods and a legend of the descent from them of the Emperor, who is, therefore, a demi-god himself. The Government denies that it is a religion and calls it a "cult." But the State prescribes by law its prayer and its ceremonies and its beliefs, maintains more than 15,000 shrines, some of them very sacred, and steadily recruits and supports a large priesthood. In fact, Shinto is the foundation of the domestic policy of the empire. It is quite necessary to furnish a sort of national spirit to leaven the era of rapid-fire change in ways of life and rules of conduct. Thus far it operates successfully with the vast mass of the people, for the socialistic and radical elements now surging up, that we hear so much of, though often violent, have the opinions and the will of only small groups behind them; the students from abroad, or who have been won over by foreign reading, are almost the only adherents of ultra ideas.

Speaking of the "restoration," it may be remarked that the old notion that it was a reassertion of his divine rights by the Mikado, backed by the great feudal chiefs and a devoted people, is completely rejected. The fact is—as noted by other modern writers—that the revolution was the explosion of cumulative jealousies on the part of several powerful daimios, or clan chieftains, against the Tokugawa family which had held the Shogunate for 200 years. The country was really in a state of chaotic civil war when Commodore Perry broke down its barriers against the world and turned the scale against the ruler, who had to take the blame for the national humiliation.

As for Japan's foreign policy, it has had two main directions. She has sought territorial expansion and diplomatic recognition. As to the former, she has claimed to be a poor country and overpopulated. As is fully known, she has won large territory in three wars, with at least coal, oil and cotton. It is denied that the original islands have too many people, and, anyway, the Japanese peasants will not emigrate, except to favored localities. She has secured the abrogation of the offensive extraterritoriality treaties which were forced on her in the last century; she has gained recognition as a first-class power. Only in respect to racial equality has she so far fallen short of her aspirations. The present author thinks that while the recognition of her people "in the mass" is just and wise, the personal opposition to them, the dislike of them, as immigrants or residents of white man's territory, is justifiable as yet and until they have better assimilated Western ideals.

The Japanese activities in China take up a large part of the book. Seemingly down to the end of the great war and the Shantung imbroglio the Japanese rulers hoped to gain something like a military overlordship over a large slice or even the whole of China. This, with her genius for organization, would have made her, at least potentially, the most powerful military nation on the earth. Plans failed, largely owing to the popular weapon of the boycott. A change of heart in Japan was shown in 1923, when she adopted the slogan of "Hands off China" upon the occasion of the seizure of European missionaries by brigands on a Chinese railway train. The attitude was far different from that of the "Twenty-one Demands" in 1915. But does it show any real change of purpose? Probably not—merely a resurgence of tact and prudence—a waiting game.

As for China, she is too much regarded as a realm that does not change. The fact is that though attacked on two sides, by the powers of the West and by Japan, her "culture is so passive" that for half a century the waves of innovation had no very perceptible effect upon her. But this condition was largely the fault of bad leadership. While a large group in Japan woke up early to the importance of meeting Westernism with Westernism, China either remained passive or was openly hostile to reform. The great Empress Dowager Tsu-hsi (commonly

known as Tsi-an), whom the present author describes as the equal of Catherine II. of Russia, realized the need of modernization. But she was opposed by court cliques and provincial reaction. The Boxer rebellion arose, and she "ran with the hare and hunted with the hounds" until her death plunged the country into chaos.

Yan-shi Kai, a great leader, might have saved the country, despite the hostility of Japan to him personally, by making himself Emperor founder of a new dynasty. He tried to do so but died in the hour of crisis, perhaps poisoned. Ever since things have gone from bad to worse. The people have no national consciousness, and the Tu-chuns, or provincial satraps, care only for themselves. The recent years of ruin and anarchy, of Japanese aggression and blind hopelessness as to the future, are hardly relieved by any exhibition of capacity for unification or control, or by any sign of political cohesion in the population.

One leaven is always at work in modern China: it is the student body, which in the most recent years has been much heard of as an agitating force and which really inspired and led the passive resistance to Japan, manifested in the great boycotts. But the student influence has been both good and bad. Much of its thought is of the "advanced" radical and atheistic type. The body of the people are as yet hardly at all affected by such ideas. They are stabilized by the old piety, especially by their ancestor worship. But the student agitation is certain to undermine this sentiment by degrees, and then there will be no other basis for the development of moral, patriotic or other ideals of high sentiment. This is a serious peril to such an inchoate mass of simple, almost primitive, people. The danger is enhanced by the fact that few of the students take up industrial pursuits, but turn to "intellectual" callings, and so become agitators and demagogues. As for the future of China, it is unforetellable, although, in spite of seeming stagnation, there is a slow but steady progress of Westernization, which may conceivably burst into flame upon some as yet unforeseen stimulation, with tremendous consequences.

In the very last chapter a rather bitter attack on the United States and the American people and Government comes as a surprise to the reader. It is made apropos of the racial question and this country's attitude toward Japanese immigration. The views on this issue in themselves are not altogether unwarranted; they are held by many Americans not of the Pacific Slope. But the tone of the criticism is not very suave, and it branches off into wanton irrelevancy. The years of success of the well-known "gentlemen's agreement" are cited to begin with. The matters objected to arose while the book was being written. They are said to carry "all the seeds of war and might have already produced such a catastrophe were it not for the fortunate fact that the practical difficulties of a war between the United States of America and Japan are very considerable." Truly they are in more senses than one, and there is reason to think that Japan as a Government has never thought of war in the recent difference.

The whole history of Japanese migration to America is summarized with a table showing that it rose in toto to about 110,000 from 1880 to 1920. Anti-Japanese legislation is reviewed and Japanese concessions, including the stop- *(Continued on Page 25)*
page at Tokio of passports for "picture brides," is put in contrast with it. The new immigration law and the refusal to establish a quota basis, which would let in only 200 Japanese a year; the wrath, based on misunderstanding, which inverted unthinkingly the intent of the Hanihara remonstrance, the final enactment of the exclusion clauses and the "wave of indignation" in Tokio and the Japanese fixed hostility wind up the story in a way to make America wholly in the wrong and provocatively culpable.

Mr. King-Hall says frankly: "The Japanese point of view appeals both to my sympathy and common sense." He goes on to say that a "typhoon may arise if some concession is not made to Japanese national feeling." The nation is "asking for the removal of a stigma." What it wants is "softsoap, not hard words." It asks that "the United States use tact instead of bluntness," and "tact is cheap." The hope is expressed that the recent Presidential election would lead to a conciliatory settlement. It remains to be seen.

As respects China, American aloofness is the peg on which to hang a sneer at our "idealism" in foreign politics.

> This characteristic [says the author] is a reflection of the great illusion harbored by the American people, an illusion which, curious as it is to other nationalities, has nevertheless proved an admirable foundation on which to build up a nation on an amalgam of aliens around an Anglo-Saxon core. The illusion cherished by Americans is that their country is par excellence the land of freedom. * * * The American people, with their cast-iron Constitution, conferring despotic power on the President, the largely irresponsible position of the Executive, the formidable influences and corruption of the political machine, the big business trusts, &c., exist under a tyranny which the English would not endure. That this tyranny is a very real one must be admitted by any one who considers such recent legislation as the Prohibition acts and the savage sentences passed on Socialists during the war.

There is a good deal more of the same sort, but this is a good place to stop. As to the general purport of the book, opinions will differ according as readers are biased on the Oriental question or inclined to the prospect of international peace through propaganda and organization. There is here, at any rate, a mine of historical and political information with shrewd comment, which, if not always final, is usually helpful in forming sound conclusions. The maps and tables of dates are useful for permanent reference. As a whole, the work is not exactly light reading, though well written; but for persons seriously interested in a great subject it is valuable both for immediate study and constant reference.

Korean Coolie

One of the Chinese Literati.

Sketches by Willard Straight From His Recent Biography. Published by the Macmillan Company

Bibliography - 1925

SIX LEADERS

THE MASTER BUILDERS. By Mary H. Wade. Illustrated. 263 pp. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.65.

MRS. WADE has chosen for retelling in this new volume the life stories of James Jerome Hill, Alexander Graham Bell, Booker Taliaferro Washington, George Washington Goethals, Andrew Carnegie and Henry Ford. In half a dozen or more previous books she has done the same sort of service for many other famous men and women and she has developed considerable skill in handling biographical material in this way. Her books are all intended especially for the reading of young people, and therefore she brings into the high light phases of her subjects that will especially appeal to the young, and she endeavors to state simply and picturesquely the important developments and achievements of maturity. She is perhaps a little too much inclined to the sentimental viewpoint and sentimentality in treatment for her good qualities to be thoroughly appreciated by the breezy youth of today. But she has the insight to discern and the skill to make manifest the characteristics in each of her subjects that led to his success, and she treats these in a way to make young readers understand their importance, not only for success but for any good and right living. She also is able to make her subjects by their own deeds delineate the essential outlines of their character, so that boys and girls can get from her pages, to a certain extent, the feeling of having come in contact with a real and living person, and realize that each of these men was great in himself before he achieved greatly; and the methods by which he attained that inner greatness are made clear and evident. There was much of drama in the lives of all these men, and Mrs. Wade makes her narrative colorful and interesting by her skillful use of such situations and happenings. She does not, of course, add anything new to the already familiar facts in the lives of these six men, but merely rewrites the stories in special ways for juvenile reading. The most commendable feature of her book is that she senses and brings out clearly and inspiringly the fine qualities of character that led her subjects to success

"THE PROCESS OF EDUCATION." By Miles Washington Connor, A. M. Copies may be obtained from the author at 75c each.

This nicely bound and printed educational treatise is divided into two parts. The first part consists of four chapters concerning the four great elements that enter into the process of education, viz., the curriculum, the pupil, the teacher and the school. The second part more definitely concerns method. The author has been training young men and women how to teach for the past ten years, and he gives a very careful account based on his experiences. While he makes no attempt to cover the whole field, one is given enough insight into the problems presented, to urge one to further study. There is an illuminating introduction by Dr. John Gandy, President of the Virginia Normal and Industrial Institute, which helps to make "The Process of Education," a worthwhile addition to one's library.

A RACE BOOK FOR SALE
Titled

"Law and Order and a Defence For the Race."

By Elijah Clarence Branch, D. D., L. L. D.

This book tells how President Grant handled the K. K. K. in 1870. And the Construction and Constitutional Law reference placed upon that Interstate mob Institution could not be legally contradicted by the Supreme Court of the United States or any other Country. 1-9-25

They are behind covered faces in mass, operating in States and Cross-State lines; having a National Supreme Lodge, and it having jurisdiction over all State Lodges; all working under the same law and organized to carry on a National Mob Crusade. They have the Negro race booked.

This little book is dedicated to the race and its cause. The book has uncovered several Southern Slave Farms full of Negroes, men and women, who cannot go home, cannot get a letter home. Several white people have complimented the Author on th merits of the book. Some wanted to know if the stories were alligorical? 1-9-25

But they are real facts. However, in my pleadings, I have made my race first, not because of a discriminative heart and mind, but because the Negro has no one outside of our race to plead his cause. He may knock me and plot against me, but I am going to fight his cause to the end for I cannot fight the man that I am fighting for.

The first edition will be sold for 35 cents per copy, but with the assistance of a few advertisements we will be able to sell the second edition, now on th press, for 25 cents per copy. "Advs" are $3.50 per card for 10,000 copies.

Let every race pride reader, after he or she shall have read th book, influnce 5 others to buy it. Where to get the book in New York City.
Mrs. A. Weeden, 65 W. 102nd St.;
Mrs. E. V. Conklin, 107 E. 100th St.;
Mr. Geo. E. Carr, 101 West 135th St.;
Rev. A. DeLoatch, 16 Irving Place, Yonkers, N. Y.

Where there is no agent, send all orders to the Author, Rev. E. C Branch, 232 West 124th Street, New York City. Price 35 cents

DETROIT WEEKLY PURCHASES NEW BUILDING SITE

Property Acquired is Rated As One of Most Valuable Assets in the City

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 17.—The Detroit Independent, December 30th, purchased what is claimed as one of the most valuable pieces of property in the city of Detroit when they bought their new home site at the corner of St. Antoine and Brewster streets.

It is a 74-foot frontage on St. Antoine, consisting of two and one-half lots, 74x90 feet. On these lots stand a two-story brick building, two-story 10-room frame house, a blacksmith shop, an automobile wash station, and other small buildings. 1-17-25

The Detroit Independent Publishing Company was organized in January, 1922, by Wm. J. Robinson and others, who felt that a publication of its kind was a public necessity.

Since its beginning it has made an unprecedented record in service, quality and all assets that go to make up a good newspaper. It is the largest newspaper in the state of Michigan, has a circulation of over 25,000, an authorized capital stock of $50,000, and has not missed a single issue since its beginning.

It has not only gained local prestige during its existence, but national as well. The paper is three years old.

Bibliography—1925.

...TY TIMES
...RY 1 1925

...ORGE W. CABLE, ...UTHOR, DIES AT 80

...mous Writer of Romances of Old Creole Days Succumbs With Bride at Bedside.

...LDIER IN THE CIVIL WAR

...thor of "Dr. Sevier" and "Ma...me Delphine" Obtained Material ...French Quarter of New Orleans.

Special to The New York Times.

...T. PETERSBURG, Fla., Jan. 31.—...orge W. Cable, eminent Southern ...thor, who died at his Winter home ...re early today, will be buried either ...Northampton, Mass., his present ...me, or in this city, his bride of a ...ar announced tonight. She was at his ...dside when he died.

The widow is holding final decision on ...neral arrangements pending word from ...s five surviving daughters, who are ...rs. J. A. Chord of Montclair, N. J.; ...rs. B. Wright, Montclair; Mrs. A. P. ...ennis, Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. Henry ...eefe Bikle, Philadelphia, and Mrs. C. ... Hawes, Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Cable was in his eighty-first year.

George Washington Cable won a dis...nctive place in American literary his...ry by making himself the exponent o... life, customs and manners of the ...ississippi delta, more particularly o... French Creoles, among whom he had ...en born. He was one of the older ...hool of writers that flourished after ...e Civil War and a leader of the ...outherners among them who, by writ...g of the life near at hand and avoid...g European standards, sought to re...ver some of the importance the South ...d lost since the country's literary ...ntre had shifted further north.

He first became notable by contributi...g sketches of Creole life to Scribner's ...onthly, which became The Century ...agazine. His first contribution was ...jected, but a second "Sieur George," ...as not only accepted but called forth ...a enthusiastic letter of encouragement ...om Richard Watson Gilder. The pub...cation of several other stories followed, ...d when his first seven were collected ...to a book called "Old Creole Days" ...e volume won great success and ...cused critical and popular attention ...on the newly risen star in the South...n literary firmament. The impression ...as deepened by the publication of "The ...randissimes," which followed. ...Cable had all this time been working ... an accountant in a commercial firm. ... was not until his thirty-fifth year, ...879, when the firm which employed ...m had dissolved because of the death ...of the senior partner, that he gave up all other connections and formally entered upon the task of supporting himself with his pen.

He was born in New Orleans on Oct. 12, 1844. His father, George Washington Cable Sr., was of a Colonial Virginia family, and his mother, Rebecca Boardman before her marriage, was descended from New England Puritans. The elder Cable was engaged in Indiana in business when a financial crisis overtook him, and he settled in New Orleans. His son was only 14 when the father died, leaving the family in straitened circumstances. The boy had to leave school and go to work as a clerk to help support the family.

When the Civil War came he enlisted in the Fourth Mississippi Cavalry and served till the close. After discharge his desire to write asserted itself and he joined the staff of The New Orleans Picayune. He included in his work weekly essays on local subjects of passing interest, and after only three issues his column became one of the popular features of local journalism.

He remained in newspaper work until 1879, meanwhile working up some of the fascinating episodes and stories of old New Orleans life, some of which he found in the yellowed files of his own newspaper. These stories, as has been told, eventually won him recognition in a larger field, and he gave up newspaper work for complete devotion to the literary life.

"Old Creole Days" and "The Grandissimes" were succeeded by works which gained him further recognition. "Madame Delphine," one of his best known works came a year after "The Grandissimes" and in 1884 he published "The Creoles of Louisiana," followed the next year by "Dr. Sevier," another of his most popular works.

Publication of "The Creoles of Louisiana" provided a turning point in his life. From the time of "The Grandissimes" the New Orleans Creoles, some of whose provincialisms he had delicately ridiculed, and the former holders of slaves freed by the Civil War, whose political oppression of the negro in reconstruction days he had denounced, had been complaining of his utterances with ever-increasing bitterness.

Finally the criticism began to annoy him seriously, and since his publication interests centred largely in the North he determined to move there. This decision was probably further influenced by the fact that he had begun to be very successful in the prevailing practice of authors of the day to travel and give lectures and readings under the direction of Major J. B. Pond.

In the Summer of 1884 he brought his family to Simsbury, Conn., from which place journeys to the lecture platform and the literary market were easy. The following year he established his permanent home at Northampton, Mass., where he had since lived.

In addition to his tales of Creole life he wrote in the different sphere of critical essays on political, social and educational reform and religious speculation. In this writing was included a great deal of attention to the political and social status of the Southern negro. "The Silent South," 1885, was typical of this kind of writing.

Except for one return to his original style in "Bonaventure" his subsequent writing was largely in polemics of politics and economics, in which he was notably successful.

Mr. Cable devoted the later years of his life to the development of the Home Culture Clubs movement, which he had originated in 1887 and which has since become the Northampton People's Institute. It was designed to promote the educational and esthetic culture of wage-earning people. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

At the outset of his literary career, in 1879 at New Orleans, he had married Louise S. Bartlett. They had seven children. The first Mrs. Cable died in 1904. Two years afterward he married Eva Colegate Stevenson of Lexington, Ky. She died in Northampton in 1922. In 1923, when he was 79 years old, he married Mrs. Hannah Hall Cowing of Northampton. She had been a friend of the author's family for thirty-five years.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 31.—George W. Cable, who died in St. Petersburg, Fla., today, was well known in the French quarter here, where he obtained material for many of his stories.

His first work, "Sieur George," was published at the age of 27, while he was a reporter on the old New Orleans Picayune. After he moved to Northampton, Mass., his writings attracted the late Andrew Carnegie and the two became fast friends. Mr. Carnegie donated $100,000 toward the founding of the People's Institute at Northampton which became Mr. Cable's life work.

Photo by American Press Assn.

GEORGE W. CABLE,
Author of Creole Stories, Who Died Yesterday.

White's Book to Be Published in England

(By N. A. A. C. P. Press Service)

NEW YORK CITY, July 16.—The English rights to "The Fire in the Flint," by Walter F. White, have been sold to Williams & Norgate, British publishers, and publication will begin this fall, it was announced today.

"Fire in the Flint" has had a considerable sale in the United States and has created very widespread discussion. As a realistic picture of the life under difficulties of Negroes in America it will, according to the publishers, be read with great interest in Europe.

Black Cameos."

By R. Emmet Kennedy (Boni & Liveright).

R. Emmet Kennedy has made a book which is something a litt'e different. It is a collection of short stories, or rather, funny anecdotes about the colored folk around his home town in Louisiana and interspersed in the stories are the words and music of many Negro spirituals which are different from those made famous by the Jubilee Singers. Mr. Kennedy has taken them down from the lips of the characters. The anecdotes are told in what he says is Louisiana dialect, different from other Negro dialect on account of the presence there of so much French in the language. One story will serve to give you a flavor of them all. One Negro, caught hugging an old friend (female) in front of the church, is brought before the elders and reprimanded for his conduct. He points to a picture on the wall of the Good Shepherd and calls attention to the fact that the much admired good shepherd is "hol'in' a lamb in 'is ahms." The elders answer him, "Da's rights des like yuh puhseeve an' nobody ain' gwine 'spute yo' word, but Bruh Sellico, nex' time yuh wan' hol' a lamb in yo' ahms, yuh look roun' hyeah an' see'f yuh can't pick yuh one dese hyeah ram lambs."

NEGRO ORATORS AND THEIR ORATIONS

A New Book by Carter G. Woodson.

722 pages, Price $5.25. $5 net.

The Associated Publishers, Inc., 1538 Ninth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Here is a valuable book by the well known author, Dr. G. Woodson, the editor of the Journal of Negro History. As a recognized historian devoting his time exclusively to the study of the record of the Negro he has had the opportunity to make an estimate of all the elements of progress among Negroes. This is what we have here in this book of oratory. The aim of the author is not merely to present the eloquence of those spokesmen who have shown little merit but to exhibit the Negro orator as a factor in the emancipation and the elevation of his people.

The outline of the book shows how well this has been done. In the beginning the author presents those who in the eighteenth century made the first protest against the exploitation of the Negro. He then gives the most forceful attacks of the leaders of the early period of the republic. Further efforts for a hearing come next. These follow the fiery speeches of the critical anti-slavery period and the oratory of defiance during the 'fifties.

Every Negro orator of consequence receeives honorable mention. In fact, the work contains all of the important speeches of Negroes extant. For example, there are found therein five speeches of Charles Lenox Redmond, eight of Frederick Douglass, and several of such other national characters as Nathaniel Paul, Samuel R. Ward, Peter Williams, James Forten, Theodore S. Wright, Robert Purvis, Theodore Holly, James McCune Smith and Henry Highland Garnett. It contains every speech of consequence made by Negroes in Congress, the addresses of the most prominent leaders after the reconstruction, like J. C. Price and M. C. B. Mason, and the widely known speeches of Booker T. Washington. Al lof the eloquent Negroes now on the horizon, moreover, appear with one or more orations.

One might inquire, then, as to why so much is said about the Negro orator; for, judged from the critical point of view, the spokesmen of this despised group may be considered as lacking the essentials of eloquence. Yet, for various reasons, this would not hold. In the first place, the Negro in his sequestered sphere is much better informed, much more capable than the white man who passes him by supposes. When fortune suddenly brings the Negro spokesman before the public eye, then, the so-called superior group is surprised at such knowledge as well as at the manner in which it is presented. Such was the case when Frederick Douglass finally got a chance to speak for the slave and men shouted, "What have we listenede to? A thing or a man? We have heard a man!" Booker T. Washington in his speech at the Atlanta Exposition in 1895 showed such knowledge of the solution of a problem which had long baffled the skill of the white man that he thereafter passed into history as one of the greatest orators of his time.

Classification on the basis of values set forth on the printed page, then, do injustice to scores of Negro orators who without literary eequipment

often moved multitudes. Many of their speeches are extant but when we examine their woof and texture they make such an unfavorable impression that we wonder how they could have moved the people. But this can be explained only by the unusually effective manner in which most Negro orators delivered their eloquent appeals. It can be said of them that they had

"An eye that tears can on a sudden fill
And lips that smile before the tears are gone."

Their tone swere beautiful, and their gestures natural. They could suit the word to the action and the action to the word. Using skillfully the eye and the voice, they reached the souls of men. Unable to hear these orations, however, the public is thus deprived of the ideal method of studying them. They must, therefore, be judged not so much by their style as by the effect which they uroduced on their hearers. As this varies according to the taste, experience and environment of the hearers, an absolute standard in regard to their oratory, then, is impossible.

It might seem, too, that because of social proscription the Negro has been eliminated from some of the oratory of our day. This, however, is not exactly the case. It is true that in contact with the white man justice is administered by a so-called superior class, and the Negro has not figured extensively in forensic discussion before courts. In pleading the cause of the oppressed people, however, he has appeared as their advocate before assemblies which have influenced governments. With the exception of the experience in Liberia, Haiti and the South during the Reconstruction, the Negro has not often figured in the deliberations of legislative bodies, but the opportunities so far afforded him have been well used in demonstrating his capacity for this style of oratory.

In the occasional or demonstrative address there are but few who do not concede the Negro equal honor with the best on the platform. Furthermore, while the pulpit among the majority of whites has become merely a social agency as a result of their substituting the worship of race superiority for that of God, among the Negries it has become an electrifying force by which the Negro preacher has surpassed all ministers of his time in expounding the very principles of Jesus, which the large majority of these "chosen people of God" have long since repudiated.

Since deliberative oratory as a popular attraction has long since ceased, the forensic as it peculiarly concerns the courts is the only form of oratory in which the Negro does not figure among the world's greatest orators. The large number of the Negro youth now qualifying at the bar assures an increase of the ranks of those who will doubtless leave masteprieces of eloquence inspired by the cries of a people long outraged by agents of injustice in a world of race hate and religious prejudice. Sojourner Truth, Charles Lenox Redmond, Lunsford Lane and Frederick Douglass figured in the physical emancipation of the bondmen, but these later champions are endeavoring to make a case for their liberation from peonage, their deliverance from caste, and their full incorporation into the body politic.

The Negro orators of the Reconstruction did not develop in the direction of the forensic. The Civil War resulted in the enlargement of the domain of the liberty of the Negro. For a time he had everything he wanted. Their oratory, therefore, was deliberative, speeches delivered in such bodies as the State legislatures and the Congress of the United States. B. K. Bruce's discourse in the Senate on the Indian question, and R. B. Elliot's speech in the House on the Civil Rights Bill are examples of such eloquence. When the undoing of the Reconstruction brought the Negro again under the domination of the white man in the South, the Negro orator sometimes resorted to the forensic; but he was better prepared for the invective, in which he finally indulged as he saw his race illegally deprived of its rights. This form of public address continued and is popular today omong Negroes complaining of their woes. After the Reconstruction there came the optimistic Negro orator who had little to say about the rights of the race and emphasized the necessity for making the most of an economic efficiency. The best representative of this class was Booker T. Washington.

Since the program thus presented did not at once materially advance the Negro on the way toward the attainment of his civic rights, there developed a number of orators promoting agitative organizations. They earlessly denounced Booker T. Washington and his program and proclaimed war on the strongholds of aristocracy and caste. At first their efforts were largely fiery speeches delivered sporadically at centers where persons whom they desired to reach seldom heard them. Later, however, their work has been more systematized and their method of attack has tended to become more of an argumentative appeal to reason. As such these Negro orators have furnished the only humanizing theme which has stimulated eloquence during the last generation.

The whites of our day are little concerned about human rights. They are becoming rapidly involved in the covetous life and death struggle between capital and labor, between those who have and those who have not, a thing lacking the higher motives by which men are ennobled. During the World War, Woodrow Wilson made a strenuous effort to popularize the idea of "making the world safe for democracy," but the very hypocrisy of this pronunciamento doubtless contributed to the collapse of the program. Men had to be converted to support the movement, and the war all but suddenly so ended as to leave more wounds than it healed. As the treaty of peace and the rehabilitation consequent thereupon so worked out as to make the world peculiarly safe for the conquering few there arose among the discordant elements a number of bold spokesmen who have easily caught the ear of the multitude in advocating a radical reconstruction of the social order. Among such orators have appeared a few Negroes.

Sherwood Anderson's
Latest Novel
DARK LAUGHTER

New World Genius
Four states in the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys come into the powerful pen of Mr. Anderson in his magnificent new novel, certainly the finest that has yet come from him. It is a story of passion as it alternately ravages and ennobles the two men and women whom it touches. And in the background like an ac-
companiment ob strings is the mysterious, primitive laughter of the blacks who surround them, the soil and the rivers. It is a powerful and profound book, full of the sensuous beauty of nature, throbbing with the mystery and ache of life.
At all bookstores
$2.50
BONI & LIVERIGHT
Publishers, N. Y.

Business — 1925.

See Also: Cities

Property

Secret Societies